

BY THE KANGAROO.

PALESTRO AND THE ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES.

[Translated by THE TRIBUNE from the *Journal des Débats*.]

VEUILLE, June 1.

The telegraph will have informed you of the glorious feat of arms accomplished by the 3d Zouaves beyond Palestro. This brave regiment made a beginning by capturing the cannon that were playing upon them. Balls and grape were thrown once or twice; that was all; the artillery-men were dead.

Let me give you the detail of a wounded Zouave whom I met yesterday at Torione, two or three hours after the fight:

"We were very quiet there before a brook, when we saw five or six horsemen on a high not far off; we said they were Austrian horsemen reconnoitering, and made ready to have a little conversation with them. Suddenly a shower of grape came upon them, accompanied by a shower of balls. The reason was, we were on the hill, and hid their riflemen in the wheat where we could not see a sign of them. While we were looking about, grape mingled with the conversation. The colonel sees from where the shot comes by the smoke. The officers turn to me: 'Zouaves!' they shout, 'to the guns!' We all leap into the brook. The water was up to our necks; our cartridge boxes like a bath; we can't fire a single shot. It was a good 300 yards to the batteries. But didn't we go over the ground like gymnasts? How they fell! The grape mowed the grass around us. In a twinkling we were on the hill, hitting, striking, stabbing. A shell falls and five of our comrades are blown into the air. Look! my capsule is full of blood. I had my arm opened, but the guns were ours."

This story affected me. I confess I grasped the hand of the arm that was bound in red ribbon. A little tremulously I asked the names of the officers who were wounded. Thank God, none whom we know have fallen. I will not speak of others; I should fear to be inexact and to throw mourning into many families. Alas! there was one whom Commandant Bocher presented to me only the evening before. Never was face more gay and laughing than his. He was taken off his feet by a ball.

"He was as good as he was big," said the Zouave. I have given up making the acquaintance of officers. These shocks injure me. They say it is because I am not used to it.

On the evening or next morning after those murderous frays, at the table of the hotel, where the officers meet to get the news, there we see how, in some of its strongest features, grief is mingled with carelessness. The new-comers are questioned; a name is spoken; a countenance contracts; a clenched fist comes down on the table; a hand is passed quickly over the eyes. One comrade bites his mustache, another gets up and steps aside to cough, turning his head; his neighbor lights a cigar, his hand trembling a little. An ejaculation, an oath, a sonorous "I heard," "Poor fellow!" "The devil!" "Such a good fellow!" They swallow a cup of coffee and separate.

The funeral oration of the departed is finished. You have learned by telegraph that the divisions Trochu and Regault met the Austrians in the same affair but at another point. A royal order of the day pronounces a brilliant eulogy upon the bravery of our soldiers.

The 3d Zouaves, which has become my friend from the circumstances in which I have been placed, is attached to the corps d'armée of Victor Emmanuel. It will go with him everywhere. The King and the regiment are worthy of each other.

Who would not cross the Sesia yesterday, when Cialdini's bersaglieri crossed the river with the water up to their armpits, we could very well cross on a little trestle bridge. On the left bank the country is charming. We see the Lombard bellfries of the old churches of Verelli standing out against the sky behind a mass of trees which hide the town; the red of the brick contrasting with the green of the foliage; the river flows along its pebbly bed, where herds of Arab horses are quenching their thirst; we see the broken arch of the great bridge over which the railroad passes; a thick fog spreads its shade over the country. The ax has made large holes in it for materials for the bridges over which regiments and convoys are passing. On all sides moving markets sparkle in the sun.

Let us follow the road up from the river, the steep, sandy, difficult road of Laffontine. Horses and mules, with deeply indented collars, are dragging heavy carriages sunk in the gravel. Their long legs disappear in the distance. We go across the fields. Here is a farm which ingenious soldiers have transformed into a redoubt; the ditches are deepened; the earth thrown out is an embankment; the buildings are loopholed; the paths cut off. A company is stationed there.

Far as the eye can reach we see only gun-ropes, artillery and wagons. The peasantry pass by running and shouting. At a turn on the road, here of the Alessandria regiment are encamped, rather in a band, a band of prisoners, who walk three or four abreast. Some wear the dusky coat of the Croat; some the black hat with the copper cockade of the Tyrolese; but most the white coat with the yellow or blue collar. Nearly all appeared to be very young and hardy. I had a netches. I count 312.

"These are not the only ones," shouts a Piedmontese horseman.

We question those whom we meet with that feverish anxiety which the sound of cannon excites, and go further. Soldiers with their sabres cut away the branches which interfere with the telegraph wires, and plant the poles which are to put Novara in communication with Verelli. When the road is too much crowded the artillery wagons borrow space from the neighboring fields.

Soldiers are taking their siesta under the mulberry trees; the coppers of the battalion are smoking in the fields. The butchers of the regiment are killing the heaves in the hay-fields.

The other day bullets were whistling all about here. We pass Torione, which was for a little while the headquarters of the King. The house where the King stopped is a corner of the village. The floors are knotty, the door low; the bed has calico curtains.

We come to Palestro, where the fight was yesterday. The houses are riddled with balls; these fences broken down in a hundred places, these gardens trampled up, these trees, with so many branches broken, all tell you that here the fight was bitter. The ground was gained inch by inch. Naked steel opened a way into the village. But already the peasantry are at their work; here are clucking about the hedges; children are picking up balls and examining them curiously. The dead are buried. But the moist earth still yields to the tread.

It is almost impossible to go further. We must return to Verelli. The advanced posts are a league on.

The 11th battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, which was just now holding its office at the bridge over the Sesia, flies by with lively step. It will meet white uniforms before morning.

A sound of galloping horses on the main road, and we turn our heads. It is the Emperor, who has been visiting the field of battle.

The trestle-bridge bends under the weight of men, horses and carriages. The 71st and 73d are in line of march. They open to let the returning ambulances pass.

Verelli is a camp. Every house has its little garrison, every room of the hotels two or three beds. There are four of us who use the same door at the Hotel de France. Two of us sleep in our clothes on the floor, and we take turns. Those cybarites who want water are at liberty to draw it in the court. The noise is infernal. Everybody shouts continually. The table is always set, and everybody is hungry. We snatch up a glass and a bit of bread as we can. Guides, chasseurs, guards, artillery, cavalry, staff officers, all arms, all grades, invade the dining-room. There is nothing more than the cloth, and nothing on the cloth. Sometimes we get a salad.

The other day the master of the establishment and his waiters, flustered, and not knowing what to do, amid a storm of cries, raised their arms to Heaven and fell groaning into chairs. They gave out.

This dinner, this vague, chimerical dinner, we pay for it!

At nightfall we wander about in this picturesque town. Here is the Piazza dei Mercanti. An oblong surrounded by arcades, but not with the implacable regularity of Turin.

We see the cathedral with its long brick bellfries, crowded with Roman arcades. Red on a green bank, ground. Two ranges of old trees indicate the palace of the Bishop where the Emperor is. Groups of evasive spectators wait there—officers go and come. Paines open their wide doors revealing broad courts and aerial terraces on colonnades. Roses climb along the stones.

The streets bend and turn capriciously and curious balconies command them.

But in one of them two great white oxen block our path, yoked to a cart which creaks on its axle. It is the head of a convoy of wounded Austrians. Let us go.

Further on in another cart you hear the rattling of arms and see their flashing. It is a heavy load, muskets gathered at Palestro and Confienza, mostly bent and broken. These are Austrian arms; I recognize a carbine of one of our chasseurs. Most of them are bloody.

The guard left Verelli. Today, they say, the grand strategic movement is to be effected. There is to be an attack on three points. We are masters of Robbio; look at the map; that is not far from Mortara.

Six hundred prisoners were taken this morning to Genoa. Many of them, who are Lombards, tell me that they laid down their arms voluntarily. Many of their comrades have been killed by the Croats. The officers who took their coffee at the railroad did not appear to be very downhearted. Their brigade, which belonged to the corps d'armée of Prince Liechtenstein, had not eaten for two days. The soldiers threw themselves upon the bread which was given them, as the Israelites did upon the manna in the desert.

Some of the officers—I believe a major among them—were received yesterday, and dined at the Imperial palace.

Two Captains, I am told, are going to Turin, where they will enlist as volunteers; they are Lombards.

I have time I will give you some additional details of the battles of the 20th and 31st of May.

In the attacks on Palestro, Cialdini's soldiers were opposed to the regiments of Wimpfen and Leopold. It happened that one of those regiments was just relieving the other. You know that the villages of Palestro, Vizzaglio and Casale were occupied by Cialdini's division, aided by detached regiments of Fanti and Durand's divisions.

The next day (yesterday), the divisions of Lelia and Jellachich, (brother of the late ban of Croatia) belonging to the 2d and 5th corps d'armée, attempted to retake these positions.

The Sardinians repulsed the attack on their right and center. The 3d Zouaves on the left taught the enemy what French bayonets could do.

The Austrians in their flight lost 5 or 600 men drowned in crossing a rapid brook in their rear.

One incident will give you an idea of the impetuosity of our attacks.

Six out of the eight guns taken were loaded. The artillerymen had been killed before they could light the fuses.

The King, whom our Zouave Col. Clabron had great difficulty in restraining, was greeted by the acclamations of our soldiers when he passed along the regiment.

It is one o'clock—the rumor flies that the enemy has abandoned Novara and Mortara.

The Emperor leaves this morning for Novara, his next headquarters.

You see that we are getting on toward Milan. We are more and more certain that the Army of Independence will make its entry on Sunday.

NOVARA, June 2, 1859.

This morning, on the road from Verelli, we heard cannon distinctly in the direction of Casale.

The same of Novara is one of those which is most closely knit with the history of modern times. The first campaign of Piedmont, the first effort of Italy toward independence, had its grave on the plains near by. There has been a long silence—a silence of ten years—and this question is renewed; but this time an Empire has raised it, and it is to be solved by a Grand Army.

I can hardly get rid of a strange, indelible feeling, at the thought that these streets were only yesterday—24 hours ago—patrolled by Austrians. How many orders of the day, how many proclamations dated Novara, and signed Gyalini!

To-day, the headquarters of the French army is here. Our soldiers can march to the Ticino in two hours. It is but a march to Lombardy.

Just as I was closing my letter yesterday the Marshal Bugeaud d'Hilliers, corps d'armée ordered Verelli, Gen. Foy's regiments—the 9th, 10th, 8th and 7th, and the 11th battalion of Chasseurs de Vincennes—were camping at the gates of the town, their numbers recalled the glorious deeds of Montebello. The Tarois were looking about for coffee. What strange forms, what fates for a painter! The Kabyles, with slender, wiry limbs; the Arabs, with sharp beard and swarthy face; vigorous negroes, with prominent muscles; Saracens more supple than panthers, were looking for the Zouaves they had seen at Genoa, and laughing, showing their white teeth. The guttural sounds of the Arabic stood out from the melodious and endearing utterances of the Italian; the women stood at their doors, staring at these strange men; children hid themselves in the shadow of corridors. And what odd costumes! A Moor had a red shawl wound around his loins, and his legs naked from the knee to the ankle; a superb but scarred negro wore coquettishly a yellow forehead, the fringes of which hung over his ebony forehead.

All these troops I found this morning in march for Novara. This infantry which nothing wears, neither rain, nor sun, performs its miracles every day.

It is not often that the tourist has occasion to follow an army in its rapid evolutions. For my part I confess that this is the first time with me. Yesterday there were no carriages in Verelli; everything that had the form of a vehicle, everything that was hung, hitched, fastened to two wheels, had been taken for the use of the army. A poor horse hitched to a wheelbarrow would have been a magnificent carriage. It seemed as if a whole people were emigrating.

The movement had commenced in the evening, had lasted all night, still lasted. Regiments followed regiments; squadrons, caissons, wagons, filled the road so that a goat could not have crossed it. From Verelli to Novara it was like an immense serpent.

Under these circumstances, rare it is true, it is that one wishes he had a sabre by his side and to take his place in this procession of bayonets. Not because they move fast, but one wants the right, or at least the possibility of going with the rest.

Providence, in the guise of a staff officer, gave me a place in the column.

The country on the road is like that from Santhia to Verelli, rice plantations everywhere, inundated and very green, cut up by shallow ditches and thick hedges. But the image of war is over all. The bridges are broken; they are only impediments in the rivers, the bivouacs have trampled the grain; redoubts show their places at every turn of the road; the farm-houses are loopholed; horses still saddled the dead in the ditches.

At last, after four hours' march, sometimes saddened by the sight of these ravages, sometimes enlivened by the refrain of a song, we enter Novara, which we find a topsy-turvy town that has been subject to Austrian rule for a month and a day.

An Austrian officer, who died yesterday at the depot, said that Gen. Jellachich, astonished at the appearance of our soldiers exclaimed: "But these are not men; they are tigers!" and he added in a low tone, "They told me so, but I did not believe it."

There is an idea of passing the Ticino to-night, even.

Regiments come in one after another with drums beating; many pass immediately through the town.

THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.

Correspondence of The London Herald.

TORINO, June 2.

Since I last wrote I have been to Verelli, and with a distinguished officer in Cialdini's corps, have been over every part of the field at Palestro. I have seen the swamps and canals filled with the dead and dying, and have seen the fearful scenes of the battle, and the hospital at Verelli, and can well believe the statement of the Zouaves, that with the exception of the day of the battle, such fighting as took place on Monday and Tuesday has not been witnessed by the present generation.

I have already informed you that as soon as the Austrians had evacuated Verelli King Victor Emmanuel moved up, with the bulk of the Piedmontese forces, from Genoa, and the other positions held south of the town. On Monday the bulk of the Piedmontese army, about 30,000 men, were concentrated around the town. At daybreak the King rode out of the town, with his staff, to attack the advanced guard of the Austrians. The advanced guard of the Austrians, taken up in positions at Palestro, Vizzaglio, and Confienza. Strong detachments were also posted at Confienza. The object of the attack of the Piedmontese on Monday seems to have been to drive the Austrians out of those positions which were held by them in the morning.

General Foy, who led the King's troops, the brigade of the guards and the Austri brigade formed the main column, under the orders of the King and Gen. Cialdini, which proceeded along the road to Palestro. Foy, attacked Vizzaglio, and Gen. Durand, attacked Palestro, and the Austrians, who were ordered to attack the King at Palestro after having carried the Austrians lines. The Piedmontese brigades were supplied with artillery, but their practice is said to be very bad, although the coolness of the men under fire is said to be very good. The Austrians, however, carried out, Palestro, Vizzaglio, and Confienza were simultaneously attacked, and after some severe fighting the Austrians evacuated both Palestro and Casale, and still held out at Vizzaglio, where the contest raged very severely. At Palestro and Casale, after a sharp fire of musketry, the Piedmontese entered the town, and the Austrians slowly retreated. At Vizzaglio, on the contrary, every house was a fortress, and hand-to-hand encounters took place, not only in the narrow streets, but every inch of ground inside the houses was disputed step by step. At length the reinforcements were sent from Gen. Foy, and the Austrians were driven out of the town, and the Piedmontese entered the town, and the Austrians slowly retreated. At Vizzaglio, on the contrary, every house was a fortress, and hand-to-hand encounters took place, not only in the narrow streets, but every inch of ground inside the houses was disputed step by step. At length the reinforcements were sent from Gen. Foy, and the Austrians were driven out of the town, and the Piedmontese entered the town, and the Austrians slowly retreated.

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The first combat was a reconnaissance, ordered by Gen. Cialdini, and the other side of the Sesia—first with a single brigade, and subsequently with the whole of his division; its result was that we were able to establish ourselves at Borgo Verelli, after driving the Austrians, in various small encounters, from Ortona, Verelli, Torione, and Casale.

Last night, most of the Austrians, and the division was ordered to cross the Sesia once more, and resumed its old quarters on the right bank of the river. On the 20th (last Sunday), four companies of the French gun (sappers) and mineral engineers, and three companies of our own engineers, reached Verelli, they were ordered to build a bridge of pontoons, and to cross the river—over a bridge of pontoons, and the two other trestle-bridges; and on the 20th, at daybreak, the Piedmontese divisions crossed the Sesia over them, and assumed the offensive, no longer for the purpose of a fight or a reconnaissance, but for a desperate struggle, which lasted several hours, the position being equal to defend, especially toward Verelli, and we had to make a feat of attacking the left flank of the Austrians, while our artillery, by firing on the rear of the Austrians, helped us to withdraw their troops. The Austrians, however, a gun to withdraw their troops, leaving, however, a strong rear-guard in the farm-houses at the other end, and a battery of artillery which retired in echelon along the roads that lead to Robbio. These farms were carried with the bayonet, and the Austrians were forced to take up an offensive position, which was not to be taken, and the Austrians were able to do so. In one of the farm-houses, which was stormed by a company of the 15th Regiment of the Line and a detachment of Bersaglieri, the Austrians were completely surrounded, but, nevertheless, continued to defend themselves with desperation, and obstinately refused to surrender, and when only a few men were left, they were killed. When our men were in possession of the greater part of the building that they surrendered a discretion. Within that small space, 70 bodies were lying together in a confused heap, and the gutters were running with blood. We made about 60 to 70 prisoners, among which were two officers, and a company of Bersaglieri was Davrosky, who had fought with the utmost gallantry to the very last, gave up his sword to a Piedmontese officer, and requested his protection. On being asked why he had caused such loss of life by a useless defense, he replied that he had not been helped by the reinforcements, and that he had been left to fight for reinforcements. The prisoners, moreover, appeared to be all impressed with an idea that we gave to quarter. During the night a regiment of Zouaves was ordered by the Emperor, who had visited the field of battle, to join Cialdini's division. They were ordered to march far away on our right, to take up an offensive position, and to cross the river, in camp that on the following day the whole of the corps of Carrobbi would cross the Sesia, join us, and march upon Robbio and Mortara; but on the morning of the 21st, while we were burying the dead, a sharp fire of musketry was heard at the outposts. We were being once more attacked, and the Austrians were driven back, and a reconnaissance to cover the retreat, but very soon the shot and shell that ploughed through our lines, the firing all along the line, and the booming of the guns which we distinctly heard at Confienza, where Fanti's division was engaged, convinced us that a general action was engaged, and that the Austrians were determined to retake the town. The Austrians, however, were anxious to retrieve the failure on the previous day, perhaps his object was to prevent the passage of the Sesia by the French, to destroy the bridge, and thus to cut us off from our basis of operations. And let us do them this justice: they attacked with great resolution, and struck at about half-past three, and drove our batteries, and our artillery, which was in a position to cover the retreat, but very soon the shot and shell that ploughed through our lines, the firing all along the line, and the booming of the guns which we distinctly heard at Confienza, where Fanti's division was engaged, convinced us that a general action was engaged, and that the Austrians were determined to retake the town. The Austrians, however, were anxious to retrieve the failure on the previous day, perhaps his object was to prevent the passage of the Sesia by the French, to destroy the bridge, and thus to cut us off from our basis of operations. 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